BROUGHT TO YOU BY
WE NEED MORE YANKIIS
TRANSLATED BY
BOWLING
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CINDA
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DISCORD:
Discord.gg/mnadMa4

SCENE. 21

Two slumbers

...

Hey... Good morning.

Hello.

It's not quite morning yet, though, is it?

It has to be around one o'clock, something like that.

For a reason I won't tell you, I woke up...

Well...
Isn't that strange?
Me, too.
It's not like there's going to be any big issue if we tell each other...
Aha... Well then...
If it's for the same reason...
I could fall asleep right here and now...
And you're speaking like a baby.
You're slouching...
That's true...
But nothing proves we're up for the same reason.
I should carry you to bed?
Are you trying to tell me...

But my room is sooo far away, at least twenty steps from here...

I'm afraid you won't be able to carry me that far...

Oooh...

I really **do** feel like I'm turning into a baby...

My room is right here.

Even with that drowsiness weighing you down...

I think I could carry you **there** fairly easily.

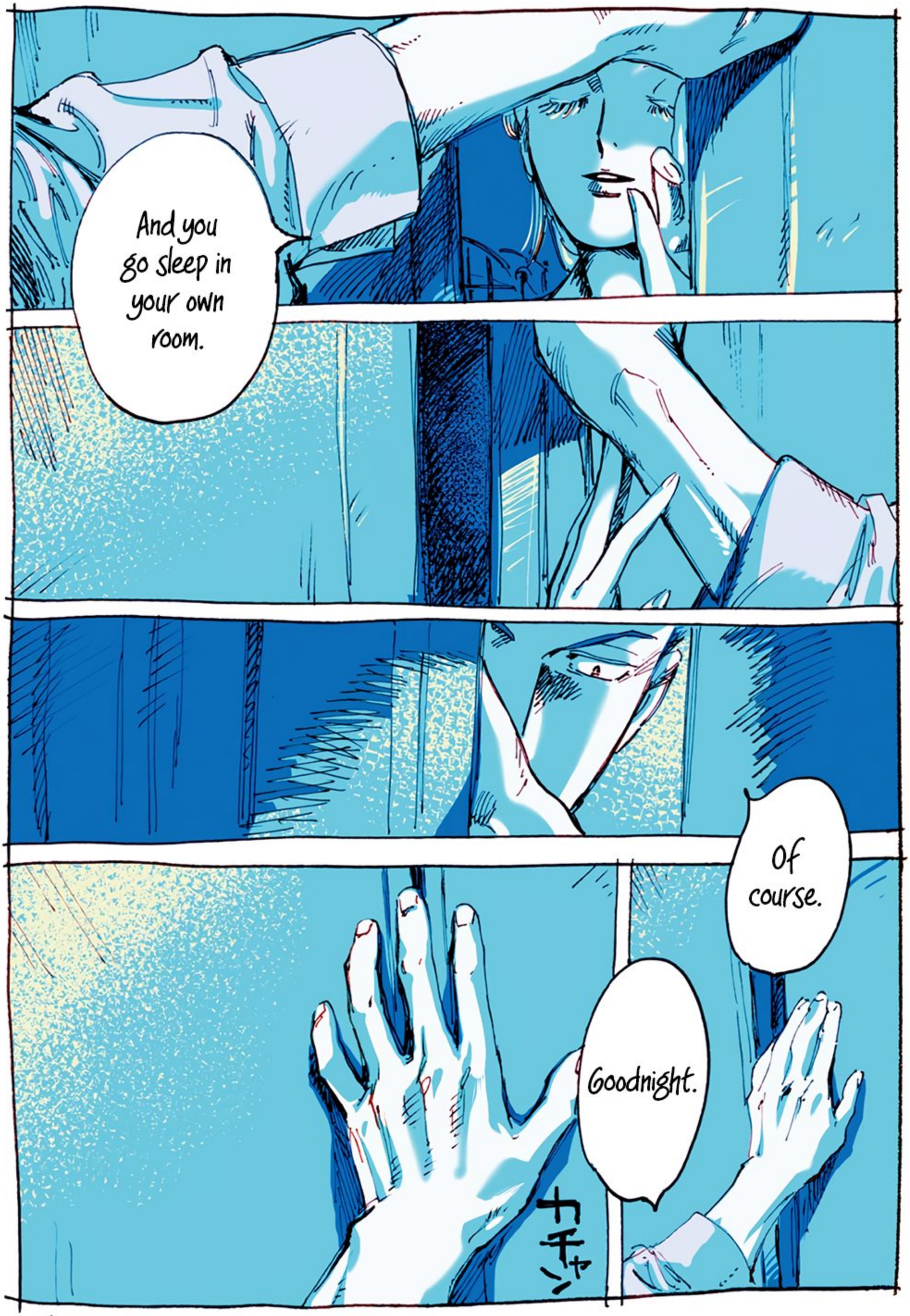
Though you **are** my "baby"...

My services don't include making the bed...

...

That sure woke me up...

Don't forget to lock the door.

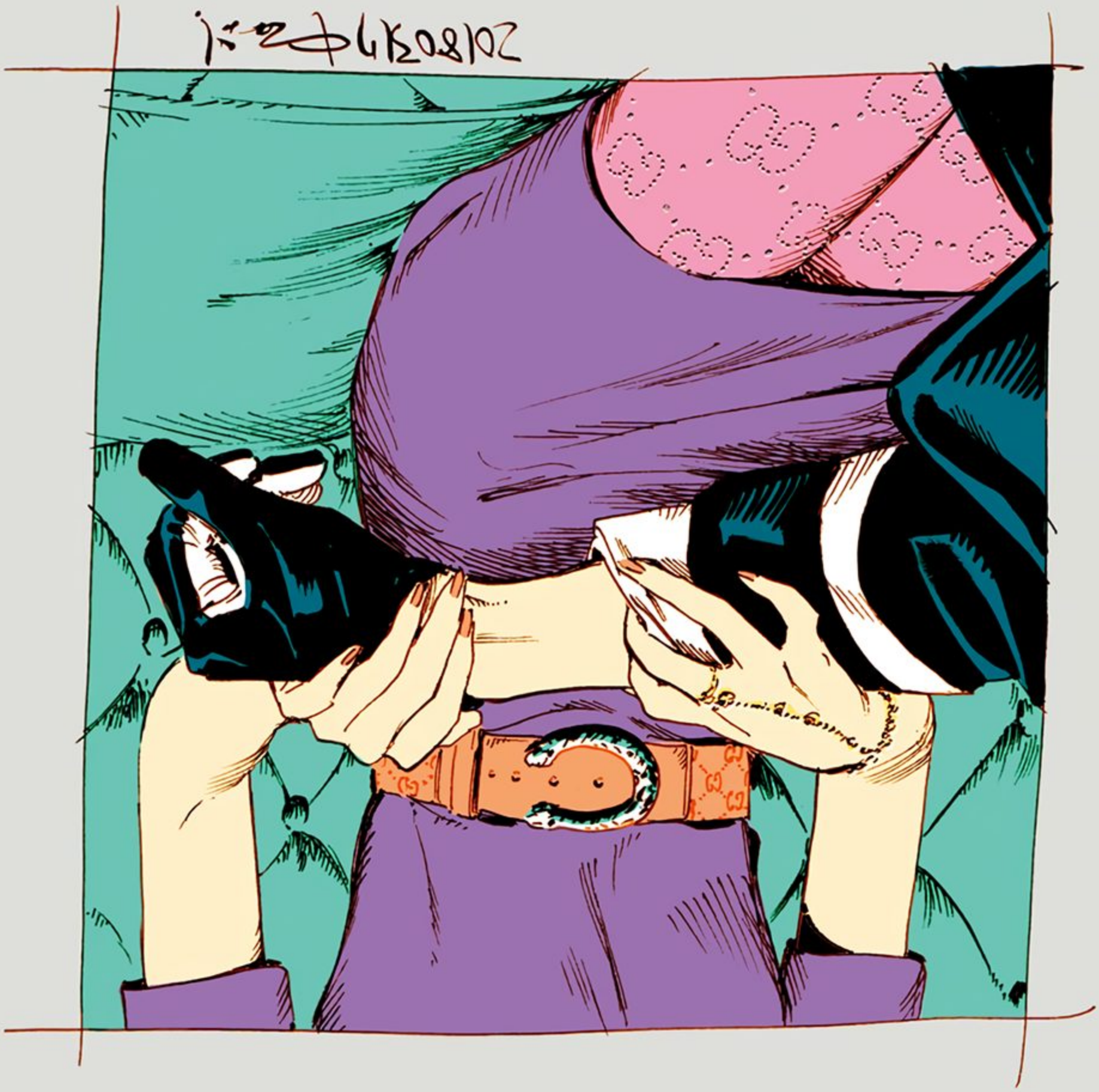

And you go sleep in your own room.
Of course.
Goodnight.
カチャン

Her monologue.

I love everything that's foamy, steamy.
Scarves, headscarves. I press them against my cheek, they're soft.
The other day, he was watching me do it, and he said:
"Like a child."
I had to explain how the face works as a third hand.
It's important, after all.
"And how would we shake hands uisng this third?"
He asked.
"Shake hands, hmmm...?", it didn't take me long.
Though the solution that came to me was embarrassing.

I bit my lips.
He clicked his boots three times.
He does that when he's proud of himself.
It’s something I know.

It's not nice to show how secure you are,
mister.
You tickle me with your words.



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Veil

Calming noir